

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### William Watson's "Lachrymæ Musarum"

IF, AFTER HIS recent volume of 'Poems,' anything further had been needed to establish the reputation of Mr. William Watson as a poet, it would be easy to adduce conclusive evidence to that end from his latest book, entitled 'Lachrymæ Musarum.' Of the earlier volume we have already spoken (Sept. 3, 1892), and ventured the opinion that its author is unquestionably at the head of the English poets of his generation. This position he won and now maintains by virtue of his superior gifts, the most notable of which—imagination—has been denied to nearly all of his contemporaries. It is the quality of imaginativeness, persistent and pervasive, which enters into Mr. Watson's work and gives character to it, as may be seen in these stanzas from 'Shelley's Centenary':—

Shelley, the cloud-begot, who grew,  
Nourished on air and sun and dew,  
Into that Essence whence he drew  
His life and lyre,  
Was fittingly resolved anew  
Through wave and fire.

And in his gusts of song he brings  
Wild odours shaken from strange wings  
And unfamiliar whisperings  
From far lips blown,  
While all the rapturous heart of things  
Throbs through his own.

But there are other qualities, rare and beautiful, in these poems—namely, those of dignity and elevation of thought, and distinction of style. The reader feels himself in the presence of a serious and intellectual mind, concerned with only what is worthy and lasting. The poet's ideals are always high, and he has a true conception of the responsibilities resting upon him, not the least of which is the technical perfection of his verse. Proportion, symmetry, freshness and felicity of phrase, varied melody, precision of rhyme and rhythm—of these things Mr. Watson is a master. We have already alluded to an occasional likeness in his work to that of Aldrich, which is to-day the most artistically wrought verse we know. It seems to us that this similarity of manner is shown in this passage from the poem in memory of the dead Laureate:—

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;  
The grass of yesteryear  
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:  
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:  
Song passes not away.  
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;  
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust;  
The poet doth remain.  
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;  
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,  
Like Virgil shalt thy race and tongue survive,  
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,  
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,  
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;  
While to the measure of the cosmic rune

\* Lachrymæ Musarum By William Watson. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.

For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,  
And heed no more the hum of idle praise  
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,  
Master who crown'st our immelodious days  
With flower of perfect speech.

Throughout this poem, 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' the large utterance of the poet is distinctly noticeable; and in the passage just given may be seen a striking feature in all his verse—his sureness and fortunate choice of epithet.

There are only eighteen poems in this collection. Besides the two in memory of Shelley and Tennyson, the most conspicuous are 'The Dream of Man,' 'England My Mother' and 'The Great Misgiving.' The last of these belongs among the finest poems on this subject in our language. From 'England My Mother' (an admirable example of poetic vigor and spontaneity) we cannot refrain from quoting these stanzas:—

Lo! with the ancient  
Roots of man's nature,  
Twines the eternal  
Passion of song.  
Ever Love fans it,  
Ever Life feeds it,  
Time cannot age it:  
Death cannot slay.

God on His throne is  
Eldest of poets;  
Unto His measures  
Moveth the Whole.

Deemest thou labour  
Only is earnest?  
Grave is all beauty,  
Solemn is joy.  
Song is no bauble—  
Slight not the songsmith,  
England my mother,  
Maker of men.

Two shorter pieces, altogether charming, are 'Beauty's Metempsychosis' and 'Night.'

In this volume, as in its predecessor, William Watson has bequeathed

honeyed words to time,  
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme.

Young and gifted as he is, let us earnestly hope that the great affliction which has so suddenly befallen him may soon be removed, and that he may live, strong in mind and body, to add to our delight and to the lustre of his own fame.

Further reference to Mr. Watson will be found on page 379.

#### Mr. Waugh's "Alfred Lord Tennyson"

THIS IS THE LARGEST, as it is the latest, of the many books on the life and works of Tennyson that have yet appeared. The author states frankly that it 'does not pretend to be the official life of the late Poet-Laureate, and expressly deprecates the supposition that it is built upon any but public data.' He claims, however, to have examined every available record carefully and patiently, and hopes that he has succeeded in 'making a study of Lord Tennyson more complete, more detailed and more accurate than any at present in the possession of the public.'

The difficulty in attaining accuracy in a work of the kind is that the 'public data' are a medley of fact and fiction that cannot be properly sifted without private aid from the Tennyson family; and this our author admits he has not had. For the authentic record of the poet's life we must wait until the present Lord Tennyson gives us the book which it is said he is to prepare.

That Mr. Waugh is not always to be depended upon is evident from the fact that some of his statements are disproved by public data based upon the best possible private

\* Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Study of His Life and Work. By Arthur Waugh. B.A. Oxon. \$2. United States Book Co.

authority—that of the Laureate himself; and also from the fact that the narrative is not always consistent with itself. On page 25, for instance, we are told that the lines, 'You ask me why, though ill at ease,' were due to 'Spedding's inspiration,' being 'almost a version in metre of a speech made by Spedding on Political Unions at the Cambridge Debating Hall in 1832.' This story had been told by a writer in *The British Quarterly Review* for October, 1880 (vol. 72, p. 282), though Spedding is referred to only as 'a friend of his [Tennyson's] own age, himself well-known in literature since those days.' Dr. Rolfe, as we learn from his edition of 'Enoch Arden, and Other Poems' (p. 153), asked the Laureate if the story was true, and received this reply:—'The speech at the Cambridge Union is purely mythical; at least no poem of mine was ever founded upon it.'

On page 205 Mr. Waugh says that 'in July, 1867, Tennyson was host to a grateful company, one of whom left a pleasant account of his visit.' He goes on to quote a letter of Lord Houghton, in which he refers to the Laureate's residence as 'a very handsome and commodious house in a most inaccessible site, with every comfort he can require, and every discomfort to all who approach him.' If there were any possible doubt that Aldworth was meant, other parts of the letter would settle the question; but Aldworth was not finished and occupied until 1869, as Mr. Waugh himself states on p. 198, where we read that the poet's threat to leave Freshwater, partly because he was 'frightened away by hero-worshippers,' was carried out 'in 1869 in the removal of the family to the new house, Aldworth, which he had built for himself on a remote terrace, under the crest of Blackdown, near Haslemere.' Again, on p. 207, it is said that 'the next year saw the Tennysons thoroughly established at Aldworth'; the context showing that the year was the one following the publication of the lines, '1865-1866' in *Good Words* for March, 1868.

The statement that, after the death of the Rev. Dr. Tennyson in 1831, his widow remained at Somersby until 1837 (p. 74) is contradicted by Mr. A. J. Church, in 'The Laureate's Country' (p. 41), where the time is said to be 'the autumn of 1835.' Mr. Church is occasionally inaccurate, but his date appears to be confirmed by the reference in 'In Memoriam' (lxxii. and lxxviii.) to the two Christmases spent at Somersby after the death of Arthur Hallam in September, 1833. These Christmases were in 1833 and 1834; and the same poem (civ.) tells us that a year later, when 'the time draws near the birth of Christ, the pealing bells the poet hears 'are not the bells I know'; and before this (cii.) we have his farewell to the home of his youth: 'We leave the well-beloved place,' etc.

It would be easy, if our limits permitted, to multiply instances of these inaccuracies which throw suspicion upon much else in the book, especially upon certain anecdotes which we have not happened to meet with before, though they may not be new, and which are not altogether probable on their face, though they may after all be true. Such, for example, is the story (p. 10) that Tennyson 'pronounced "Mr. Sludge the Medium" terribly long winded, adding, "I'd have done the thing in a third of the space."' It is a just judgment on Browning's monologue, and Tennyson would have done it, if he had been inclined to do it at all, in a third of the space or less; but we seriously doubt whether he said so. It may also be that he confessed that he did not like Venice, because he 'could not get any English tobacco there for love or money' (p. 131), but that this was spoken seriously, as the context implies, if spoken at all, we shall not believe till we have better evidence of it. It is curious, however, that in 'The Daisy,' that charming retrospect of the Italian tour, Venice is not mentioned. Was it because his pipe was really put out there that his minstrel pipe had no note of praise for the City in the Sea?

We may pardon apparent misprints or slips of the pen like 'The Voyage of the Maeldune' (p. 242) and 'Mr. H. J. Van Dyke' (p. 296), the Doctor's admirable 'Poetry of Tenny-

son' being, moreover, dismissed with the faint praise and amusingly misleading characterization, that 'it included some biographical notes, chiefly concerned with the earlier years of the poet's life'! After this we are not surprised to find the list of works on Tennyson, including Jennings's, Church's, Napier's, and others, ended with Mr. Shepherd's 'Tennysonianana'—slight and often untrustworthy, though not bad in its way—as 'perhaps the most valuable.'

Mr. Waugh's book, with all its faults and defects, is evidently the result of much patient investigation, and is, moreover, well written. The publishers have brought it out in excellent style, with many illustrations, some of which—like the fireplace in the Cock Tavern, the facsimile of the marriage-register of June 13, 1850, the 'Maud' cedar at Swainston, etc.—are new as well as interesting. We are grateful, too, for the very full index.

#### Vierge's Illustrations to Quevedo\*

'THE HISTORY of the Life of the Sharper called Don Pablo, the Pattern of Vagabonds and Mirror of Rogues' is, next to the celebrated 'Visions,' the most noted work of its author, Don Francisco de Gomez de Quevedo Villegas, and, next to 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' the foremost among those picaresque novels which are to 'Don Quixote' like stars about the full moon of Spanish humor. 'Don Pablo' has several times been translated into English: in 1657, in 1707, and again, by a teacher of Spanish, Don Pedro Pineda, in 1734. This last translation, revised and to a trifling extent corrected, is now again produced, with a preface by Mr. H. E. Watts and drawings by Daniel Vierge.

The story of a thief and the son of a thief in that paradise of picturesque vagabonds, seventeenth-century Spain, is well worth preserving, even in its English dress; but Vierge's designs might keep a much less lively narrative from oblivion, and are in themselves of nearly equal merit with the work that they illustrate. As there is no more famous draughtsman in black and white living, we will not waste space in giving any general account of his style further than to remind the reader that it is wholly based on sharp contrasts of light and shadow, of line and mass, and, as a rule, needs a quantity of white margin to bring it into a sort of harmony by overpowering its too trenchant blacks. This luxurious setting it has in the book which we are considering, and the many admirers of Vierge will not only find him at his best in this volume, but presented with every advantage.

It is hard to choose among these dozens of spirited little drawings, so full of sunshine, of action and of humor. The starveling scholars fighting over their supper-table, the university students in their shirts coming to demand the entrance money of Pablo and his master, the pig-slaying scene in the courtyard and the wicked landlady going to church are as full of invention, action and character as the best drawings of Doré, and much more true to nature. From the drawings of the university façade opposite page 46 and the architectural distances in the sketches opposite pages 76 and 145, anyone may see where Mr. Pennell, who writes very appreciatively of Vierge in an essay prefixed to the story, has learned his way of handling the like subjects. The drawing of Pablo's encounter with the watch shows that Vierge's usual system is not imposed upon him by any disability to work in tones. It is a night scene, and might have been treated, like a similar scene a few pages farther on, in a few sharply defined masses of gray, black and white; but he has brought it into a very agreeable unity, and it is indeed about as harmonious in tone as free drawing in pen-and-ink can be. On the other hand, the entire effect and much of the humor of the drawings of the hermit on donkey-back and the same famous character at cards comes of our being at first unable to put together properly his black cowl and his flowing white beard. But the great

\* Pablo de Segovia. By Francisco de Gomez de Quevedo Villegas. Illus. by Daniel Vierge. 220. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



merit of most of the drawings is dramatic. Put upon the stage as scenes in a comedy, they would make the round of the world at least as many times as the dust of Krakatoa. The two scenes of the lodgers at Don Torribio's friend's in Madrid, sleeping, packed like 'herrings in a barrel or tools in a tweezer case,' and the same gallant gentlemen getting up in the morning, and making ten pauses, with a prayer at each pause, in putting on their shirts, because these garments were in so many pieces—these, and indeed half the drawings in the book, are specimens of the 'gusto picaresco,' the like of which no one but a Spaniard and a genius could produce. An autogravure portrait of Quevedo, after Velasquez, serves as frontispiece, and the book (quarto size) is bound in sheepskin, stamped with gold on the back.

#### \*Albuquerque\*

'ALBUQUERQUE,' by Mr. H. Morse Stephens, Lecturer on Indian History at Cambridge, is an interesting contribution to Sir William Hunter's *Rulers of India Series*. The greater part of the book is devoted to an account of the administration of the great Governor, Afonso de Albuquerque, who, in six years, 1509 to 1515, succeeded in firmly establishing the authority of his sovereign in Portuguese India. A brief sketch is also given of the administration of Albuquerque's predecessors and successors, so that the book is really a summary of the history of the Portuguese in India from the discovery of the direct sea route to that country by Vasco da Gama to the shattering of the Portuguese power in the East. But the six years during which Albuquerque held the reins of government were the epoch-making years of this history. The first aim of the Portuguese was the establishment of commerce, but the idea of empire was forced on them by the bitter opposition of the Mohammedan merchants, and some fortresses were built for the protection of the resident factors, and to secure necessary harbors. Albuquerque deemed fortresses alone inadequate, and was soon convinced that in order to put affairs on a solid foundation it was necessary to conquer certain important points for trading purposes, to colonize the neighboring districts, to build fortresses where it was impossible to conquer or colonize, and where fortresses also were impracticable to induce the native monarchs to recognize the supremacy of the King of Portugal and to pay tribute to that sovereign. In connection with the colonization of selected districts, Albuquerque encouraged mixed marriages, and not only presided at the ceremonies himself, but gave dowries to couples married according to his wishes. His plans of conquest were carried out with great energy and skill, and his successes inspired the native monarchs with so much respect for his abilities as a fighter that his diplomatic tasks were simplified. It seems strange that Albuquerque, with his handful of Portuguese, should have been able to acquire such extensive possessions and so great a power in India. That he was able to accomplish so much was due in part to the weakness and natural enmity of the native rulers with whom he came in contact, in part to the superiority always possessed by a civilized over a savage people, and in part to his non-interference with native customs. It is true that he did not hesitate to prohibit the practice of *Sati*, or widow-burning, which was not abolished in British India until 1829; but this prohibition was not unnaturally a popular measure, especially with the widows. Albuquerque was a finely educated, chivalrous, Christian gentleman, yet some of his practices seem rather startling in the light of the present day. One of his punishments was to cut off the ears and noses and otherwise mutilate the Mohammedans taken prisoners by his troops; he did not hesitate to advise the heir-apparent to poison the Zamorin of Calicut, because the latter would not consent to the building of a fortress on a site selected by the Portuguese Governor; and he had a young Persian, named Rais Ahmad, assassinated before the eyes of the king of Ormuz. These and other atrocities are

palliated, though not excused, by the ideas prevalent at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Albuquerque used native troops, but does not appear to have had them drilled and officered by Europeans. The Portuguese monopoly endured until 1595, and a number of the viceroys and governors made brilliant records, especially Dom Joao de Castro, but none of them approached the great Albuquerque, to whom civilization is so much indebted for his assistance in introducing Western ideas into the Eastern world, and paving the way for that close connection which now subsists between the nations of the East and of the West.

#### A Plea for the Humanities \*

WE HAVE HERE a book that is sure to awaken interest and no little discussion in educational circles. For some years past the demand for scientific and technical education has been so strong that many of the older schools have felt obliged to introduce scientific subjects so largely into their curriculum as to partially crowd out some other studies which had previously been deemed essential to a good education, while at the same time new schools have been established in which pure and applied science has been taught almost to the exclusion of everything else. These changes in the educational system, which have been felt more or less in every civilized country, have been due in part to the rapid progress in recent years of the physical sciences, but quite as much, if not more, to the utilitarian tendency of the times and the demand for an education that will pay. Against these tendencies M. Fouillée, in the work before us, makes a strong and emphatic protest, and presents a forcible plea for the restoration of the humanities to their former place of leadership and honor in the educational curriculum.

Education, as treated in this work, is looked upon as consisting of three stages: primary education, which should be the same for all; secondary education, designed for those who can spend a longer time in study, and who wish to fit themselves for the higher walks of life; and higher education, which is more or less special and professional. This volume is devoted to the second of these departments, which M. Fouillée thinks is in danger of being perverted from its true object and radically vitiated by the introduction of the mercantile spirit and the excessive tendency to specialization. He views the subject not merely from the standpoint of the individual, but with regard to the general interests of humanity, and especially with a view to national greatness and civilization. No nation, he justly observes, can be great and progressive without an intellectual and political *élite*; and he maintains that such a select body cannot be produced by any scientific or other special training, but only by a broad and comprehensive discipline, of which literature must be the basis and philosophy the crown. His argument, therefore, takes the form of a plea for humanistic studies, and it is a plea that educators will not be able to ignore nor easily to refute.

M. Fouillée is by no means disregardful of the claims of science, but he maintains, and, we think, justly, that science should be subordinated to philosophy, and should be treated as part of a comprehensive scheme of instruction, having in view the spiritual interests of humanity. He strongly condemns the present tendency toward specialization, and also the tendency, so disagreeably manifest in our own country, to make education subservient to industrialism; and he rightly insists that the main object of education should be to cultivate a disinterested love of the true, the beautiful and the universal good. 'Education,' he remarks, is not an apprenticeship to a trade; it is the culture of moral and intellectual forces in the individual and in the race. He calls attention, too, to the pressing need in our time of a deeper study of the social sciences and the cultivation of the civic virtues; and he maintains that for all these purposes literature is a much more efficient instrument than

\* Albuquerque. By H. Morse Stephens. 60c. (*Rulers of India*.) Macmillan & Co.

\* Education from a National Standpoint. By Alfred Fouillée. Trans. and edited by W. J. Grootenstreet. (*International Education Series*.) \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

physical science. Even for the man of business, he holds, literature is a better discipline than science, and still more so for the statesman and the teacher. Literature and science, however, are by no means sufficient for a comprehensive education such as the present age requires; they need to be co-ordinated, and to have their true significance pointed out, and for that purpose they must be supplemented by philosophy, which alone can give the comprehensive view that is required. 'The ideal end of humanity,' he says, 'is clearly moral and social life carried to its highest degree; \* \* \* moral and social ideas, with their accompanying sentiments, seem to me to be the end of education. \* \* \* Literature, general history and philosophy have a breadth that scientific studies do not possess; they do not bring into play the intellect alone; they affect the sensibility and the will, the heart and the character; they are already penetrated by social and moral ideas; \* \* \* for this reason I have given them a more important position than science in a liberal education' (p. 277).

We have thus briefly indicated the character of M. Fouillée's views; but we can give no idea in our short space of the ability with which these views are presented, nor of the interest which the author has imparted to the discussion; but we earnestly recommend his work to all those of our readers who are in any way responsible for the education of the young.

#### "Uncle Remus" Redivivus\*

THE EVER-DELIGHTFUL 'Uncle Remus' puts in his now classic face most opportunely for impending Christmas—a grinning, kindly, shrewd yet facetious 'phiz,' now as indispensable as the olden Christmas boar's-head set with a rosy apple. This time his advent is marked with a miscellaneous sparkle of plantation stories, songs, ballads, ghost-stories, and animal fables curiously metamorphosed yet vividly presented by the Negro dialect—a sparkle and a crackle as of Kris Kingle himself descending in a Danaë-shower of good things. Mr. Harris complains in his preface that critics are chastising him for his dialect, his provinciality, his repetitions, his unhopeful garrulity, and his eternal rabbits and foxes tale-d and tale-less. He is so hurt by this Boston criticism—'genial,' he good-naturedly calls it—that in this his last volume he bids the reader good-by with 'a swift gesture that might be mistaken for a salutation as he takes his place among the affable Ghosts that throng the ample corridors of the Temple of Dreams.' Now this sort of 'affability' is not what we expected of Mr. Harris's 'ghost,' which (this volume shows it!) is as full of ruddy life and lifelike smiles as ever it was, a ghost that chats without chattering, that exorcises the laughing demons of the folk-tale and makes them eloquent of funny things, and that always comes with his game-bag full of strange talking animals and fluttering fancies. The author lives in the happy land where 'old-times' darkey cooks may still be had, cooks not *cordons bleus* it may be, but cooks with brimming memories, superstitious imaginations, and story-telling tongues, full of the lore and the rhymes of their uneducated childhood. These are the magicians of his kitchen and from these his children are taught to elicit many a delicious reminiscence of 'old times,' 'what mammy tole me,' and 'what gran pap sayed.' Uncle Remus's spigot is thus kept continually running as inexhaustibly as the Fount of Folk-lore itself with which it is directly connected. Hence two out of the three sections of this charming book containing twenty-four new Remus's tales and sixteen songs and ballads: sections in which Mr. Harris is the reporter, expert in dialect, apt in dialogue, facile in composition, diligent in collection. Section third is Mr. Harris proper in all his amusing originality, 'showing off' Uncle Remus to his friends in grotesque experiences with the telephone, the electric car, the phonograph, the man who sells trees out of a catalogue, and the gripper. Delightfully realistic are all

these sketches showing the Negro nature entangled in all the 'boddration' of our new-fangled civilization, voting included. Wit and wisdom are extracted even from the Georgia watermelon, and Remus waxes eloquent over the Negro exodus. In short few possess such talent as Mr. Harris in picturing dramatically and pathetically, with humor and vividness, the ins and outs of the tortuous yet simple African soul, full as it is of loyalties and vagaries, of enthusiasms and comicalities, of childlikeness and rare sagacity.

#### "The Formation of the Union"\*

IT IS A PLEASURE to welcome the second of the three handy volumes in this series of Epochs of American History, and to know that the third one is promised for December. It is, further, pleasant to know that the third edition of the first volume is now ready. Prof. Hart of Harvard University is the capable editor of this series, and besides believing in good indexes and maps, which save time and labor to the reader—because of the great time and labor bestowed by the writer—he also believes in the historian having a judicial frame of mind, and in making his text clear. The arrangement of the book is in every way commendable. There is a preliminary chapter on reference books, and at the head of each chapter there is a page of paragraphic notices of authorities and references to the particular pages which illuminate the theme. The style is simple, straightforward and clear; in short sentences, without too many dates or figures, and with little clue-lines let in at the side of the page, the pith of the paragraph is given to the eye at a glance.

Prof. Hart is no sentimentalist, and shows that the Americans in 1750 were not sublimated theologians or immaculate saints, but were wonderfully like the miners of Colorado and the farmers of the frontier of to-day. He goes into the causes of things, tells about the finances and resources, and analyzes with remarkable skill the movements of politics. He does not hesitate to show up the spirit which mars so often the story of American development. Nevertheless, his picture of the formation of the Union is exceedingly clear. He has handled all the threads of the story in a masterly way, so as to give a fine texture, rich in the gloss of scholarship and style. The work may be commended as that of a thoroughly judicial scholar, too cold-blooded to be led away by prejudice or mere sentiment, and yet thoroughly sympathetic with the real men, the real facts and the real achievements which have issued in the greatest of federal unions, and in what the reviewer believes to be the greatest of nations.

#### Dr. Buckley's "Faith-Healing"†

THE REV. DR. J. M. BUCKLEY, the brilliant and somewhat pugnacious editor of *The Christian Advocate*, has collected together his papers from *The Century* and other sources, and like the wise householder who brings forth things new and old, has spread a rich table for those who enjoy reading about faith-healing, Christian science, and kindred phenomena. Unless one meets frequently the victims of the delusions of astrology, divination, apparitions and witchcraft, or happens to be personally acquainted with the librarians of our great cities, he will have little idea how great a hold the occult sciences (heaven save the mark!) have upon the minds of millions in our country. Under the shadow of our churches and scientific institutions, there are multitudes who still believe in one form or another of these superstitions. Dr. Buckley's method is to find a rational explanation of what unquestionably is, before he looks at what is supposed to be, and he considers there is no reason to suspect, and that it is superstition to assume, the operation of supernatural causes, when exper-

\* Uncle Remus and his Friends. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illus. by C. B. Frost. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* The Formation of the Union: 1750-1890. By Albert Bushnell Hart. \$1.25. (Epochs of American History.) Longmans, Green & Co.

† Faith-Healing, Christian Science and Kindred Phenomena. By J. M. Buckley. \$1.25. The Century Co.



imental science can reproduce the same phenomena and results. He believes heartily in the Christian doctrine of prayer, but he has very little faith in what is called 'faith-healing,' and considers that the claims of Christian 'faith-healers,' technically so-called, are effectually discredited, and he shows clearly the evils of the superstition. Under astrology, divination and coincidences he brings up a great many readable anecdotes from the classic times, as well as from the modern, and under dreams, nightmares and somnambulism, endeavors by analysis and characterization to show what are the real facts, and also the rational use of dreams. He devotes one chapter to presentiments, visions and apparitions, hinting at unsuspected mental resources, and showing what are the uses of these apparently abnormal phenomena. In regard to witchcraft, he does not believe that the Bible teaches the reality of that in which generations of men have long believed. As for the Witch of Endor, he considers that she herself was mistaken, and that the whole story is of what was said, rather than of what was done. Strangely enough, in treating of the manifestations of the delusion in Europe and America, and of the reaction from the frenzy, he does not mention the work of the great Balthazar Becker, the Dutchman who wrote the book which did so much to demolish the superstition. His last chapter treats of Christian science and mind-cure, and in this chapter, as in the others, he shows a commonsense which is contagiously healthful, and winds up with a very appropriate quotation from Ecclesiasticus. The work is handsomely printed and has a good index.

#### Dean Stanley's "Storied Canterbury" \*

THOUGH WE MUST in grief write 'the late,' Dean Stanley, it is a joy to the book-lover and book-reader to realize that he is yet present with us in his thoughts. One of those rare and gifted spirits who could make the story of human history as fascinating as a fairy-tale, he has found for us more than sermons in the eloquent stones of the English cathedrals. When Canon of Canterbury, he compiled the material for the delightful volume which now lies before us, though he never saw this superb presentation of his work. Arrayed in as fair a garb as that of the King's daughter—lavender, blue, gold and white, and made all glorious within by the photographer's and the printer's art—it has an interest pertaining not only to Christmas, but to every day in the year. Those who have visited the ancient English town, or those who have felt their eyes moisten as they have looked in the Bodleian Library upon the very manuscript used by Augustine, who brought Christianity to England, will welcome this volume. Like the Oriental poet who, 'without travelling abroad, sees all the beautiful places,' we who remain this side of the Atlantic can either refresh memory or travel at our firesides. The main subjects treated in this sumptuous work are the landing of Augustine, the murder of Becket, Edward 'the Black' Prince, and Becket's shrine. Everything that belongs to history, both in its great landmarks, in its majestic lines and in its trivial but interesting detail, is treated by the magic pen of him who made history most intensely human. His one clear harp had divers tones, and no one better than Arthur Stanley could, from the common dust which men had neglected or cast away, even from the 'tailings' of the common historian, bring forth richer and purer gold than they gave us. The narrative flows on in fulness and brilliancy, well buttressed in footnotes by abundant references to authorities, and thus the critical reader can either follow up the subject, or by verifying the references show that the great scholar did not depend upon his brilliant imagination alone. Apart from the merits of the text, the work of the illustrator has been done with both conscientiousness and the perfection of technique that wins our highest admiration. The photographs, most carefully toned, are so set upon the thick paper that they do not in the least crumple or buckle, while

each paper is marked, both upon the photograph itself and by printed versicle, upon the offset. In these illustrations one can read the history of Christendom in England, and admire both the skill and devotion of the builders, and the power of time to smooth and hallow and glorify. Whether one be an architect, or a simple lover of the beautiful, or a stay-at-home traveller in imagination, these nineteen full-page illustrations, with maps and plans in the text, will be a most welcome reinforcement to the charming narrative. Once again we are impressed with Macaulay's remark, which he makes in the beginning of his history, about England's combination of the strength of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity.

#### Ten Years With the Spade \*

IT IS DELIGHTFUL to meet with an archæologist who has the sense of humor, who understands human nature, past and present, who knows how to deal alike with government satraps and with the fellaheen, and who is withal a thorough mathematician, chronologist and metrologist. All these accomplishments are possessed by the enthusiastic and scholarly young man whose name is in itself suggestive of stones and fragments of stones. Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, in addition to his learned works, in which he tells us how, out of mounds of dust and crumpled lines of baked mud, he has brought to resurrection forgotten cities, has here let us still further into the secret of his methods. In a handy 'little book he gives us the details of his work, which resulted in the great discoveries which are now known all over the world. He tells us how we may go to Egypt, live very economically, and get a great deal of knowledge and enjoyment amid the old tombs and demolished palaces of the Pharaohs. He gives some helpful addenda to Bædeker (which, by the way, he spells with a *c* in the name, which the German has not), and also valuable points to help us to identify old dynasties and periods of chronology. He shows also how a pyramid is based, built up and cased with its polished stone, and how the teeth of time have gnawed it away into its present condition. He takes us down among the nurseries of the ancient world, and shows us the dolls and toys of the children, the paraphernalia of the ladies' boudoirs, the pans and potteries of the kitchen. What is most wonderful, is that he enables us to use these shards and bits of old crockery as people in the East use the eyes of a cat—that is, to tell the time of day; or as people in countries where there are Coast Surveys use chronometers.

Without the fascinating style of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Mr. Petrie has a surer grasp of his materials, and every page of his book has a firmness of touch and an immediateness of local color which are delightful. We regard this work as a necessity to those who would study the trophies recently won from Egypt's soil, and also as a great help to those who want to know how the wonderful science of Egyptology has grown. Even the artist can find much enjoyment in the way in which the author depicts the various stages in mummy decoration, while those who would enjoy peeping into the child life and social joys and sorrows of ages ago will be pleased with this very readable book. We shall not burden our review with all the hard names which one finds in the table-of-contents, for the text of the work itself is very simple and readable, and made for the enjoyment of the average reader, rather than to draw the fire of the erudite critic.

#### "The Book-Lover's Almanac for 1893"

BY FAR THE PRETTIEST thing of the sort that we have seen this year is 'The Book-Lover's Almanac for the Year 1893.' It is prettily bound in paper boards, covered with light blue Japanese figured paper stamped in gilt. A baker's-dozen of full-page colored plates has been furnished by Henriot—one for each month, with a frontispiece thrown in for good measure; and the text, in prose and verse, some of it new, some old, has been selected from Eugene

\* *Storied Canterbury: Historical Memorials of Canterbury.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. \$6.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

\* *Ten Years' Digging in Egypt.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie. \$1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Field, W. J. Henderson, William L. Andrews, Beverly Chew, W. I. Way, and others, including the compiler himself, Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, who makes his abundant bibliographical information as piquant as personal gossip. The highly fantastical pictures give us glimpses of the exterior of the Grolier Club on club day, of Sotheby's auction-rooms, London, and of the Hotel Drouot, Paris; of a sportsman who has dropped his gun in the open in order to devour a book, and of a witless wife who has demolished a Caxton in her haste to make curl-papers. The most striking of the lot is a double scene—Poe's Fordham cottage at the left, with the lean and hungry poet (in eighteenth-century attire) lying on the grass before it; and at the right, the auction-sale in Boston at which his 'Tamerlane' was sold for \$1850; Fame soars aloft, blowing full blast upon her trumpet. The pages are gracefully bordered, and of the printing, one need only say that it was done at the De Vinne Press. The 'Almanac' is appropriately dedicated to the Grolier Club. One-third of the edition of 600 copies is printed on Japan paper at \$6 each, and two-thirds on Holland, at half that price. (Duprat & Co.)

"Love-Songs of English Poets: 1500-1800"

THERE HAVE BEEN many anthologies of English love-poems, and some that are very good, but the latest, compiled by Mr. Ralph H. Caine and entitled 'Love-Songs of English Poets: 1500-1800,' is perhaps the most satisfactory. The collection is comprehensive, embracing songs chosen from the writings of more than a hundred poets, beginning with John Skelton and ending with Charles Jeremiah Wells; it is discriminative, showing excellent judgment on the part of the compiler in the matters of selection and proportionate representation; it has notes which are concise, graceful and useful; and the introduction by Mr. Caine is admirable. Mr. Caine acknowledges his indebtedness to Messrs. Locker, Linton, Stoddard and Bullen, who have preceded him in the editing of similar anthologies. For each one he has a word of praise, and what he says of Mr. Bullen might appropriately be applied to himself—namely, that 'Every lover of erotic verse is under a debt of gratitude to a compiler and critic so faithful and so earnest.' As a piece of book-making this volume is charming; the paper is fine, the typography clear, and the binding in white, stamped with a design in gold, extremely artistic. One could not wish for a more delightful song-gift. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

Mrs. Hellman's "Lyrics of Heine, Goethe," etc.

ONE USUALLY takes up a volume of translations, especially lyric translations from the French or German, with the rather hopeless feeling of a leap over the impassable gulf. One in a thousand, like Harras der Reiter, may clear the impossible chasm and escape into sunshine on the other side; but the wrecked and ruined so strew the shore that both angels and men must weep to see another attempt. The lyrics of Heine have always been full of these rhythmic and melodious pitfalls, whose bottoms glisten with the whitened bones of ill-fated translators. Like his own Lorelei, his poems possess a fatal fascination for their victims: the lines swim along with such ease and beauty that anybody can translate them! This insidious—not to say perfidious—quality was present all through Heine's work and activity, lying in wait for the unwary and catching them in unexpected snares. In Mrs. Frances Hellman's attempts to clothe German lyrics in English dress ('Lyrics and Ballads of Heine, Goethe, and other German Poets') there is a measure of charming success mixed with now and then a distinct failure. Her Heine may not be the German Heine, wholly untranslatable as he is, a thing of rainbow, sentimentality, wit, and music; but it is distinctly musical and poetical, with a tripping rhythm in many cases very close to the original. There are also graceful snatches from Goethe, Uhland, Geibel, Chamisso, Freiligrath, and Rückert, revealing easy mastery over manifold rhythms and an intelligent grasp of the subject. We predict for her work a gracious reception. The little volume makes a delightful companion to the 'Deutsche Volkslieder' of the same firm. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Deutsche Volkslieder"

THE BALLAD is like an anonymous sculpture or a nameless painting: a voice without personality, a spirit disembodied and adrift, it floats around as the musical flotsam and jetsam of an epoch, often reproducing its truest echoes, its purest essence. When Percy more than a hundred years ago published the beautiful 'Reliques,' he published unconsciously one of the most faithful commentaries on English history. In Germany, a little later, Herder, the teacher of Goethe and his introducer to English literature, caught the cue from the English bishop and edited his 'Alte Volkslieder,' to be followed by the remarkable 'Stimmen der Völk'her Liedern,' whose very title indicated his profound impres-

sion of the value of ballads as historical and psychological documents. These publications started the Arnim-Brentano 'Wunderhorn' of 1806 and ignited the quick impressionable genius of Uhland, Sinrock, Hoffman von Fullersleben, and a host of others, to gather and imitate—poetic Grimms who did for the outcast poem what those marvellous brothers did for the outcast folk-tale. Thus the impulse grew not into a rope of sand, but into a string of diamonds, resulting, in America, in Prof. Child's monumental work and, in Germany, in Böhme's 'Altdeutsches Liederbuch,' not to mention the capital 'Chansons Populaires de la France' of Prof. Crane, or the Italian and Scandinavian collections. Prof. H. S. White of Cornell, already favorably known for his edition of Heine's poems and other works, has hit upon the happy thought of selecting many of these anonymous German jewels and printing them, with illustrations, as No. XXXVIII. of the delightful Knickerbocker Nuggets. They are edited in the original German, with notes and introduction; and though not faultlessly edited, the collection is such as Lang or Symonds, those ballad enthusiasts, would greatly rejoice over. German childhood, soldier and student life, superstition and legend live in them with rare picturesqueness. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Noble Science" of Fox-Hunting

'THINK OF THE HOUNDS,' Hogg is reported to have said when some one denounced fox-hunting in his hearing as a barbarous sport. There is no doubt that the hounds enjoy it, and there are those who assert that the fox does also. He has gained his proverbial cunning by being hunted, and he would doubtless lose it and become a mere stupid chicken-thief among animals if man and hound were to stop hunting him. There is some reason, therefore, in Radcliffe's treatise on 'The Noble Science' of fox-hunting being presented in a new edition; and even though we may have no fox to hunt, we can enjoy, without qualms of conscience, its pictures of burly gentlemen in red coats; of Master Fox himself, who wears the same color; of the dappled hounds and wiry and elegant thoroughbreds. Many of these illustrations are steel plates colored by hand in the good old fashion, and some are by celebrated engravers, Thomas Landseer, J. W. Archer and W. Barbauld. A great many are engravings on wood, among which are some really artistic designs, worthy to be put in the same class with those in Major's 'Walton and Cotton.' They show hounds taking their bath; huntsmen clearing a fence; horses in a paddock; the pack being exercised, and other incidents in a hunting life. The editor, Mr. William C. A. Blew, M.A., adds a 'Sketch of the Hertfordshire Hunt' and many interesting notes. A full index will be found of value by everybody interested in either dogs or horses. (London: John C. Nimmo.)

"In Gold and Silver," etc.

'IN GOLD AND SILVER,' by George H. Ellwanger, is a pretty little gift-book, tastefully bound, finely printed and exquisitely illustrated by Wenzell and by Gibson. There is a certain pretentiousness, however, about the bookmaking that is scarcely in keeping with the contents; the elegance and daintiness seem not so much natural as tailor-made. Of the four sketches that compose the volume, the first suits best the glossy paper and the title-page 'in gold and silver.' It is the story of a marvellous Kurdistan rug, and the pages descriptive of it have a luxurious Oriental flavor. Then the scene shifts to our own country, and two chapters on angling bridge the chasm between the Golden Rug of Kermanshah and the Silver Fox of Hunt's Hollow. These out-of-door idylls are full of the scent of the woods, and are put together with a good deal of literary ability. On the whole, the book is attractive. (\$2. D. Appleton & Co.)—'HOW SHALL A MAN dress himself withal?' is not strictly a literary question, nor does the answer to it necessitate a volume; but a volume it is, this 'Best-Dressed Man: a Gossip on Manners and Modes,' written by an unnamed author, and published by a London tailor. There are chapters on styles and materials, on morning, mourning and evening garb, on court dress and livery, and the like. The tone is rather jocular at times, and there are a few anecdotes of small proportions. The 'proper thing' is shown by some very good sketches, as well as by the text. After reading the book one has two predominant feelings: first that it didn't take long to read; second, a rejuvenated yearning for London prices. (25 cts. London: J. W. Doré.)

New Books and New Editions

BURNS'S 'COTTER'S Saturday Night' comes to us with an introduction by the Rev. John Hall, D.D., and prettily illustrated in pen-and-ink. The Highlandman's targe and the Lowlandman's plow are grouped peacefully and artistically together with an old



Celtic harp as symbolizing the genius of the man who even more than Scott is the common pride of modern Scotchmen. There are clever drawings of the farmer-bard at his plow, of the cottage-door at evening, the 'priest-like father' reading his Bible, and many others. (\$1.50.) The same firm sends us 'Puss in Boots,' with other tales, very well illustrated in colors, by E. Caldwell, and 'Little Mother Goose,' a collection of nursery rhymes, illustrated by Jessie Watkins. (\$1.25 each. Marcus Ward & Co.)—AN ELEGANT new edition of Matthew Arnold's selection of 'Poems of Wordsworth' is illustrated by E. H. Garrett with seven exquisite little photogravures, and is tastefully bound in light-gray and gold, with slip covers of darker gray and an outer case of the same cloth. Paper and press-work are in keeping, and the volume is altogether one of the best holiday books at moderate price that have come out during the present season. (\$2.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'PARADISE LOST' has been added to the 'Laurel-Crowned Verse,' and is brought out in the neat and attractive style which we have repeatedly commended in noticing earlier issues in the series. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

IN 'SOME STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY,' Mr. C. F. Lummis shows himself thoroughly familiar with the scenes he describes. The 'strange corners' are in the Southwest, and the author never forgets it is 'our' country; indeed, the patriotism is so marked as to be almost didactic. 'Don't go to Europe till you have seen what America has to show' is the substance of his advice to his boy readers. The book is entertaining, although some of the descriptions so exhaust themselves in superlatives as to lose in vividness. There are exciting pages, but no sensational ones; certainly the tone is healthy. A striking chapter is the one concerning the crucifixion ceremonies of the New Mexican Penitents. Besides this ghastly horror, the realism of Ober-Ammergau pales into insignificance. Boys will like the book as much as they generally do like books of description:—i. e., wish for a little more story, yet be fired with an ambition to see the places and things described. If they hold in that mind, Mr. Lummis will have attained his object. (\$1.50. The Century Co.)—MISS J. PAULINE SUNTER'S 'Around the Year' is a collection of illuminated designs typifying the months and framing in a calendar. They are held together with silken cords and silver rings and chain. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

#### Recent Poetry and Verse

THE SEVEN TALES of the Orient 'Told in the Gate' by Mr. Arlo Bates are excellent stories and very commendable pieces of blank-verse. The author is both story-teller and poet in this volume, and his stories are well conceived and gracefully told—particularly 'The Sorrow of Rohas,' 'The City of Irem' and 'The Voice of Sakina.' Unlike Mr. Clinton Scollard, Mr. Bates writes out of his impressions as to what Eastern life may be; and, just so far, his Oriental pictures lack something of the reality that is a feature of Mr. Scollard's recent collection of sunrise songs: but the reader will not trouble himself over this, for the stories themselves are thoroughly admirable and are set forth in a most entertaining and pleasing style of verse. The slightest things in the book are the least attractive—these are the lyrics. The volume is beautifully printed and tastefully bound, and it deserves to be one of the holiday poetical favorites. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

'AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE' is a delightful collection of serious and devotional lyrics by Lucy Larcom, many of the pieces having already become familiar in the hymn-books of this country and of England. Miss Larcom has long been recognized as a writer of verse that is genuinely inspired and calculated to comfort and help all who are concerned with the best that is in life. Her poems are full of the Christian spirit of sympathy and love, and this collection of them is sure to be welcomed by a large circle of grateful readers. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—THOSE WHO ARE FOND of both poetry and sport will welcome Mr. Ernest McGaffey's 'Poems of Gun and Rod' which is generously illustrated by Mr. H. E. Butler. Mr. McGaffey's descriptions of nature are singularly true and happy, and his lines are generally well baited. His verse is full of health—good air, good muscles, good lungs and a glad heart—and we put it on the same shelf with that other poetical tonic—Maurice Thompson's 'Songs of Fair Weather.' Mr. Thompson is a poet fond of sport: Mr. McGaffey is a sportsman fond of poetry—and pretty good poetry, too. (\$1.75. Scribner's Sons.)

MR. ERIC MACKAY is a young Englishman who writes verse and publishes it in pretty little vellum-covered volumes, tied up with silk ribbons, and limited in editions, so that only so many shall be printed as are likely to sell. Two or three such volumes having come into existence already, we now have an American

edition of his poems, complete, entitled 'Love-Letters of a Violinist, and Other Poems,' newly revised by the author. In a brief preface Mr. Mackay pays his modest compliments to several American men-of-letters. Mr. Mackay's verse is often interesting, but it never rises to any great heights of song. He is one of a great many clever young English poets, and we should say that he is quite a way down in the list. This edition of his poems makes a sizeable volume, and will serve as an agreeable introduction to an American audience. (\$1.25. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—A VOLUME OF meritorious verse, and plenty of it, is Mr. George Horton's 'Songs of the Lowly, and Other Poems.' The table of contents reveals a great variety of moods and subjects, grave, gay, epigrammatic and otherwise. The author evidently writes with great ease and enjoyment, and, while his work shows much unevenness in quality and a want of critical discrimination, there is some of it one is glad to read twice over. Not the worst thing in the collection is the skit on Sir Edwin Arnold, entitled 'Out in Tokio.' Mr. Horton is an improvement on Sir Edwin. (Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.)

MR. FREDERICK LOCKER's bewitching and ever-pleasing 'London Rhymes' have been brought out by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. in the same attractive style as the American Verse series by the same house. It is a pity that the book could not have been more carefully printed—the verses on page 22 have no caption, and there are numerous blurred words throughout the whole collection. It would have been a good idea to wash the plates before serving up these dainties. (\$1.)—'THE VAGRANT OF LOVER'S LEAP' is a short story told in rhymed couplets by Mr. John T. Broderick, and sold by the New Nation Pub. Co. of Boston.—IN ELEVEN cantos L. G. Barbours, D.D., sings 'The End of Time.' The sub-title is 'A Poem of the Future'—and we advise our readers to put off reading it until the end of time, when they may grow serious over such things as

The Æther is not matter, for it has  
No weight.

Nor this poem, either. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

#### Books for the Young

##### Mr. Howells's 'Christmas Every Day'

THERE IS RARE fun and freshness in Mr. W. D. Howells's 'Christmas Every Day, and Other Stories told for Children,' a little illustrated volume belated in appearing, but equally charming for New Year or Thanksgiving. It is redolent, indeed, of all these, especially of November sweets, when turkey and cranberry-sauce crown the board and pumpkin-pies smile saucily from its end. Mr. Howells shows in these tales an unexpected tenderness lurking in a corner of his capacious heart—a tenderness for children under a veil of humor that is particularly attractive, and also a grotesque yet merry fancy which cannot fail to delight them. What a delightful world is the child-world and how few there be that enter it! We prayerfully hope Mr. Howells will return to his 'second childhood' and talk 'baby' and Christmas and fairy-tale for many an ensuing season. His touch is so light, so playful, so understanding, that it is a shame not to tickle childhood with it as this book does: the art of being *grand-père* is as rare as the true moonstone. We won't spoil the feast by describing the bill-of-fare; but happy infant or *infantia* that gets 'Christmas Every Day' like this. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

##### Brief Notices of Books for the Young

'STRENGTH AND BEAUTY for Boys and Girls' is a book of pleasing fables selected from Prof. J. H. Agnew's translation of Krummacker's 'Parables,' and illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, W. L. Sheppard and other well-known artists. Among the contents are the tales of 'The Two Tubs' belonging to Diogenes and his only disciple; 'The Rough Diamond'; 'The Parsee, the Jew and the Christian,' and 'The Tulip Tree,' which did not produce satisfactory tulips. The illustrations—full-page woodcuts, and tailpieces in pen-and-ink—are excellent, and the make-up of the book in general very creditable. (Plainfield, N. J.: John Dalsiel.)—'MY LITTLE FRIENDS,' by E. Heinrichs, is a choice collection of portraits of children, including Baby McKee and many plump and good-looking young Bostonians, Chicagoans, Clevelanders, Indianapolis and Winnepegos. There are appropriate verses, and the book has a white and gold cover. (\$2. Lee & Shepard.)

A BAKER'S-DOZEN of amusing 'Stories,' by Ascott R. Hope, is the work of a well-known story-teller, whose many volumes have long been before the public. From these he selects a number, and binds them between two covers, with an illustration or

two to please the little ones. The moral of each tale is rather obvious, swimming on top like the sauce, and the method is Edgeworthian. All the tempers and tantrums of childhood are fittingly emphasized and dramatized against a background of charming English landscape. The setting, indeed, is altogether English; a pleasant humor plays over the pages; and bevy of rosy English boys and girls peep in and out the narratives, making an agreeable picture for young Anglomaniacs. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)

'ON WHEELS, and How I Came There' is a well-printed book, which bears, stamped upon its cover, the Stars and Stripes, and on the front a stack of guns, with a trumpet above. On opening it we find as frontispiece the patient face of one who is still in the forties, and who is now a mature sufferer and chronic invalid. The child that was father of this man enlisted when fifteen years old in the Union Army. He was a soldier for years, and often a prisoner. He had experience not only of Andersonville, but of other pens and enclosures in which the boys in blue were kept. He was private W. B. Smith, of Company K, Fourteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and his narrative, which he declares has no fiction in it and no imaginary names, but deals only with facts, is well edited by the Rev. Joseph Gatch Bonnell. The story is full of anecdote and adventure, and is, indeed, 'a real story for real boys and girls.' It gives that side of the war which the soldier not only saw but felt. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)

### Boston Letter

ANOTHER WHITTIER memorial service has been held this past week, the city of Haverhill, the birthplace of the poet, giving honor in that way to his name. On the first page of the handsome program which lies before me is a picture of Mr. Whittier in his study, and on the last is a picture of the old house in which he was born on Dec. 17, 1807. Probably every reader of *The Critic* is familiar with the rugged simplicity of that old country house, with its four bare walls, its cheap, rickety-looking shed, and mammoth chimney protruding through the centre of the roof. The house is idealized now from its associations, but to the prosaic mind it would be the plainest of habitations. Some weeks ago *The Critic* announced that the homestead was to be sold, but I may add now that the legal transfer has been made, James H. Carleton, for the consideration of \$1, handing the deed of the property to Alfred A. Ordway of Bradford, George E. Hoar, Charles Butters, Dudley Porter, Thos. E. Burnham, Clarence E. Kelly, Susan B. Saunders, Sarah N. F. Duncan, and Annie W. Franklee, to hold in trust forever, as a memorial to John G. Whittier. The Trustees are given the power to make such restrictions as they see fit, but aside from that the homestead is to be at all times open to the public. The price paid by Mr. Carleton for the building can only be estimated from the deed which transfers the homestead and two other parcels of land from George E. Elliot of Haverhill to Mr. Carleton for \$5000. But I was writing of the memorial service.

On the program it was announced that the eulogy would be delivered by Col. T. W. Higginson. On account of Col. Higginson's illness, however, Mr. Edwin R. Mead, editor of *The New England Magazine*, delivered the oration. A few weeks ago I gave here a synopsis of Mr. Mead's admirable review of the life of Whittier, so that his opinion of the poet is known. Will Carleton wrote and read a long ode for the occasion.

The Whittier day was a holiday, in part, in the city, the schools and the public offices being closed. The Haverhill Club and many hundred other admirers of the poet were present. Haverhill's Mayor presided, while one of the city pastors offered prayer (another change of the program, as the Rev. Edward Everett Hale was the name printed on the card). John W. Hutchinson sang 'The Furnace Blast'; apropos of which I will tell a story—or have I told it already in one of my earlier letters? I do not remember. At any rate, it will bear repeating on account of Mr. Hutchinson's repetition of the song.

During the early war days, Mr. Hutchinson visited the army encamped around Fairfax Seminary, his purpose being to give concerts to the soldiers. At one of these entertainments, when the church in which he sang was crowded with 2000 officers, privates and citizens, the program progressed quietly and with satisfaction until the famous member of the Hutchinson family began to sing 'The Furnace Blast.' Even the soldiers at that time had not all reached a feeling of sympathy with the abolition movement, and there followed hisses and scraping of feet over the house. The officer commanded silence. Somebody from the ranks retorted, and in an instant the whole audience was in confusion, many of them shouting 'Put out the Abolitionists,' 'We don't want them!' 'Put them out!' Finally they quieted down, and Mr. Hutchinson continued.

But Gen. Franklin did not let the matter rest there. He demanded transcripts of the songs, and when shown the copy of 'The Furnace Blast,' emphatically declared:—'These people cannot sing these songs here; if they do, they will disorganize the whole army.' He therefore ordered that Mr. Hutchinson be removed outside the lines. But the undaunted Abolitionist singer went behind Gen. Franklin. He sought out Secretary Chase, showed him the poem, and even went to President Lincoln. Both of them were at a loss to understand why the trouble should have arisen, and the President declared that Mr. Hutchinson could go wherever he was invited. So he went even into that hotbed of secession, the city of Alexandria, before he came back to Boston. No more disturbances, I understand, followed from his singing. I believe it was a citizen who started the trouble in the church.

Among the letters of regret at the Whittier memorial—I am back at last to my original story—were these tributes: Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote of Whittier:—'A man dear to the heart of the whole nation and doubly dear to the New England heart.' The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott wrote:—'No poet of our time has more fully realized, or more fully interpreted, the spiritual message for which the age was prepared and which the world needed.' Edmund C. Stedman wrote:—'The recollection of my associations with Mr. Whittier is to me one of the most precious things of life. I loved him—and who did not that knew him, and who did not feel that they knew him, knowing his life and works? I share your veneration for him as a man, your admiration of his song, matchless in its native quality, its tenderness, its noble wrath, its sacred aspiration. His name and fame will last; they are a shining, inseparable part of the American story, of the American sentiment at its most exalted height.'

BOSTON, Dec. 26, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### London Letter

A GOOD DEAL of adverse criticism has been called forth by the somewhat extraordinary form which Mr. Gladstone's admiration for the poetry of Mr. William Watson has taken, and a vigorous writer in *The National Observer* terms the action of the Prime Minister 'a direct insult to literature.' Whether the unfortunate recipient of the bounty took to heart the strictures passed upon his benefactor, or whether, as some allege, his head was turned by extreme gratification over the supposed 'insult,' cannot now be known; but, sad to say, the poet had to be removed to a lunatic asylum two days ago. Mr. Watson, although adjudged a young man by the public, and as such the object of a general feeling that he was unsuited to be a pensioner on the Civil List, has in reality been writing poetry for many years, though it was only now and again that his writings met with appreciation; and it is supposed that the suddenness of his good fortune in obtaining a grant of two hundred pounds as the earnest of future favors was too much for him.

One would not wish to be severe in the light of what followed, consequent on Mr. Gladstone's generosity, but certainly it did seem, and I seems still to have been misplaced. Every farthing which the Civil List has at its disposal is needed, many times over, to relieve the necessities of the aged and infirm, who have either done in their time good work for the State, or who have been left upon its hands by workers, unable, by stress of adverse fortune, to provide for their support. Why should a writer who was neither old nor helpless—who indeed was in the full tide of authorship, and living at a time when authorship is remunerated as it never was remunerated before—be handsomely rewarded from this List?

If there were no one to go and look at but the old bookseller in the new play at the Comedy Theatre, it would still be worth turning out for on a cold December night. 'Liberty Hall' is a pleasant piece all through, and gains in popularity with each fresh performance. There is nothing very original, and nothing at all exciting about it; but the back room of the old bookshop is a fascinating place on the stage—whatever one of its kind may be in real life!—and though I have met with many quaintly interesting personalities amongst these old bookworms, who pass their days a mid dusty tomes, I have never come across one more delightful, or more pathetic, than the bookseller in 'Liberty Hall.'

A play of another sort, for which indeed the very name is a misnomer, comes to me from Messrs. Blackwood. 'Columba: a Drama,' by the Warden of Glenalmond College, has for its basis scenes in the life of St. Columba, the great founder of monasteries and churches in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Shrine's drama appears to be a sacred poem; and, though it would not be fair to criticise from the superficial glance which is all I have yet been able to bestow, I should judge it will be admired by scholars and churchmen. The exterior of the volume is admirable.

A perfect work of art and labor of love is the special edition of Ruskin's 'Poetry of Architecture,' just issued by Mr. George



Allen. Only three hundred copies have been printed, so Ruskin-lovers had better look about them, in case, when they would fain add the delightful volume to their libraries, they find themselves shut out. Some of the plates are from unpublished drawings by the author, and have an interest all their own. The chapters are reprinted from *London's Magazine*, and appear for the first time in book form.

May I now be allowed a word or two about the books of the season, stout and handsome outwardly, but of the slighter texture within?

Of these lesser lights I have noted what seem to me to be the best, or, at least, those which will prove the most acceptable, though the number is so great that it is impossible to do more than give a passing word to each. 'Brownies and Roseleaves,' by Roma White, a rising young author, who has been taken in hand by Messrs. Innes & Co., is a very charming piece of work which has been awarded the honor of an illustration in the *Daily Graphic*, and a most spirited illustration, too. 'Days with Sir Roger de Coverley,' adorned by Mr. Hugh Thomson's drawings, is, of course, only our old friend in a new coat—or rather in a series of new coats—but these are so delightful that no one can fail to be pleased with them. 'The World of Romance' is a good 'cut to come again' joint, at which the voracious boy or girl reader may hack at will, and revel in tales, legends and traditions gathered from the best romancists. 'The Bushranger's Secret,' though written for boys, is likely to be quite as popular with girls; and this is only one of a whole eruption of cleverly written tales issued by Messrs. Blackie & Co. Equally prolific in the same class of literature is the National Society, among whose productions I would specially notice, 'A Nest of Royalists' by Esmé Stuart; 'Moor and Moss,' by M. H. Debenham; and, last but not least, 'Not One of Us,' by the bright and popular author of 'The Atelier du Lys.' Then we have Jules Verne's latest, 'Mistress Brancan,' crammed full of illustrations, and as much enriched by the skilful use of science 'up to date' as anything this accomplished deceiver ever wrote. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are fortunate in having 'Mistress Brancan' in their hands. From this firm also comes 'Axel Storson,' a story of Swedish life. I always like to recommend stories of the home life of other countries to young people. They gain a great deal by reading them. In my youth there was a German story-book, yeelp 'The Diary of a Poor Young Lady' (in English), which never, so far as I can learn, made any mark either in its own country or elsewhere; yet which presented so graphic a picture of life and of human nature under circumstances new to me as an English girl, that the impression made by it has never been effaced; and if any reader of these lines can tell me where a copy of this long-lost treasure is to be found, I shall be truly grateful.

Not belonging to the same category as the above, I must take by itself 'Dancing as an Art and Pastime,' by Mr. Edward Scott. It is to be feared that there can be no doubt we English people, whatever else we can do, dance badly. Twenty years ago we did better. Dancing was more spirited when the *trois-temps* was in vogue; but now we have gone back to the crawl which is so easy to achieve, so wearisome to watch, and the only relief from which is the tramp of the *Pas-de-Quatre* or the Pandemonium of the 'Kitchen Lancers.' Whether or not a treatise such as that just issued by Messrs. George Bell & Sons will have any effect on dancers in general it is hard to say—but certainly Mr. Scott has succeeded in putting together a little volume which is sure to be privately and clandestinely and surreptitiously studied by many young gentlemen and young ladies who would rather die than be found with it in their hands. The typical young Englishman will never own to a dancing lesson—never. If he take one, or more, it is strictly under the rose, more often than not he is content to pick up from his sisters or cousins all he knows; and as for coaching from a treatise such as the above, in view of the balls at which, after a certain age, he only puts in an appearance under protest, he would scout the very idea. All the same, the new little dancing-book is finding purchasers, somehow.

The 'Missing Word' craze has permeated all ranks and classes—the boudoir of the princess, the hall of the university, the dormitory of the school-boy, the office, the warehouse, the railway shed, the factory—everywhere you find an excited group poring over the magic sentence, and the little syndicate which has been formed for sending up the word which must infallibly win the prize. No whim of late years has ever 'caught on' as this has done, and even if yesterday's decision in Bow Street puts a stop to the competitions now, we have had our fun out of them during the dark season of the year. Really, too, it does seem a little hard that so very harmless a craze should have the Lottery Act down upon it; for, after all, the thing is *not* a lottery; some skill and some thought—if not very much—does enter into the competition; and the only point to which I as a writer would like to

draw attention, is that the sentence when fitted with its 'missing word' complete, is occasionally ungrammatical! Perhaps, however, this is part of the catch.

L. B. WALFORD.

## Notes from Oxford

THE DEATH of Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's, removes a venerable and historic figure from English academic life. A Harrow boy, a student of Christ Church, for many years Second Master at Winchester, he was one of the two last Fellows of Winchester on the old foundation. He was a nephew of William Wordsworth, a brother of the late Bishop of Lincoln, and uncle of the present Bishop of Salisbury and of his accomplished sister who presides over Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford. Coming of a stock remarkable for physical as well as mental vigor, he was a good cricketer and University oar in the days when rowing and cricket were still pastimes, and was as well-known for his athletic accomplishments as for the Greek Grammar which long held the first place in school teaching of Greek. A bishop among alien churches, he was somewhat removed from the English ecclesiastical world, nor was he a man to lead a movement or be led by one; but he illustrated a robust and manly type of English churchmen which can ill be spared.

Prof. Ray Lankester, who is just recovering from a serious illness, has written a circular to the Colleges asking for the further encouragement of biological study, by fellowships and the like. It is true that morphology, not being connected with any professional career, is in more need of external endowment, and it is likely that this letter will have some practical result, but it comes at a rather unhappy moment, when College revenues are declining with the general fall of rents.

The elections to the Hebdomadal Council this term ended in a 'conservative' victory, which means the further postponement of the School of English Literature.

Among recent Oxford books are 'Notes on Aristotle'; 'Ethics' (Clarendon Press), two substantial volumes by Mr. J. A. Stewart, student of Christ Church; 'The Purgatory of Dante' (Macmillan), a felicitous venture in verse translation by Mr. C. L. Shadwell, Fellow of Oriel, with a preface by Mr. Pater; and 'Sermons on Faith' (Percival & Co.), by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, who is well-known for his scholarly editions of 'Julius Cæsar' and others of Shakespeare's plays.

OXONIENSIS.

## The Lounger

DANIEL VIERGE is too great an artist to need such frantic championing as Mr. Pennell gives him in the introduction to the volume in which the Spaniard illustrates Quevedo's 'Pablo de Segovia,' noticed in another column. It does not make us think any better of one artist to hear another abused. Raphael's fame was not made in a day, and cannot be demolished by a stroke of the pen. To hear the 'Sistine Madonna' called a 'blatant piece of shoddy commercialism' and Rembrandt's and Dürer's etchings 'dirty paper,' makes one hesitate to accept the praise of Vierge's work. If the latter did not accompany the introduction, I, for one, should be skeptical about its merit; for I should say to myself that an inferior artist was being advertised by sensational methods. Vierge's work refutes this charge, and his genius is demonstrated anew by the fact that Mr. Pennell's noisy admiration cannot belittle it.

VIERGE IS SOMETHING of a hero as well as a genius. A few years ago his right side was paralyzed, so that it was impossible for him to use his working hand. This was a terrible blow, but he met it like a man. He at once cultivated the use of his left hand, and with that he has done some of his best work, the illustrations to Quevedo among the rest. As he is only forty years of age, he will do more work, and possibly better, though that seems hardly probable.

'MAY I ADD a salt drop or two,' writes Dorothea Lummis of Los Angeles, 'to the watery waste of recorded tears? If, as we are told, many fairly well-read folk are dumfounded if you "spring Anne Eliot" upon them, perhaps somebody may not remember the peculiarities of Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling." As its editor, Prof. Morley, says, it is hardly to be called a dry book. With a sense of humor almost un-English in its willingness to be frivolous, Prof. Morley has supplied the last edition of this book with an "Index to Tears (chokings, etc., not counted)." This is undoubtedly the best record yet, for as the book has only 189 pages, each one becomes what one might call a saturated solution. Who says men are ashamed to cry?'

NOTWITHSTANDING the heavy shipments of gold from New York to Europe, the course of money seems to follow the course of empire westward. Bismarck is said to own \$50,000 worth of stock in the street-car lines of Milwaukee, and Mrs. Gladstone is reported to own three acres of land, worth \$15,000, at Niagara Falls, Ontario. The land was given to her by her husband at about the time the Queen Victoria Jubilee Park was thrown open to the public. Her ownership of land entitles the Prime Minister's wife to vote for Mayor, Town Councillors and School Trustees, and her name accordingly appears on the voters' list.

THE ENGLISH PAPERS have expressed some surprise that Mr. Kipling, even if he should have the bad taste to become a resident of America, should elect to make his home at Brattleboro, Vermont. This betrays a lamentable ignorance of the Green Mountain State. No one who knows Vermont can wonder that a man should want to build his house and live forever where he could see about him such lovely lakes and rushing rivers, valleys so smiling, and mountain-ranges so far-stretching and so beautiful to look upon. If a stranger were to choose a dwelling-place in America, Vermont might well be his choice. Mr. Kipling and his wife are living at the Balestier homestead in Brattleboro.

THE CURRENT *Cornhill* publishes a new batch of Lamb letters, some written by Charles and others by Mary. They were addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Norris and Miss Norris. The former was the life-long friend of Lamb, and it was on Norris's death that he wrote that touching letter to Crabbe Robinson in which he said:—'To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now.' To a man who is alone in the world it means a great thing to have one old friend to call him by his first name. I know a man who was living alone in a big city. He knew a great many people, but only in a formal way, and they all addressed him as Mr. —. One day he was walking along the principal street, feeling very solitary amid the crowd, when a little newsboy came up and shouted his wares in his face. 'Evening Hustler, only one cent!' he called. 'I don't want your paper,' said the man, 'but I'll give you ten cents if you will call me Jack.' The boy took the ten cents, and after staring at him in open-mouthed astonishment, got a little distance off and shouted 'Hello, Jack! I say, Jack, hello!' The man walked on, and more newsboys coming up, the boy told them that if they would call that man 'Jack,' he would give them ten cents. They took the hint and kept up a perfect fusillade of 'Jacks' at the man's heels, till at last he took refuge in a shop.

BUT TO RETURN to our Lambkins. Here are some verses from a letter written to Miss Norris just after Charles's return from France, at which time he used to amuse himself and his friends by scribbling a sort of Anglo-French doggerel:—

Hypochondriac. We can't reckon avec any certainty for une heure,  
\* \* \* as follows:—

#### ENGLAND

I like the Taxes when they're not too many,  
I like a sea-coal fire when not too dear;  
I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any,  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
I like the weather when it's not too rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year.

#### ITALY

I also like to dine on Bacaficas,  
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,  
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as  
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow.  
But with all heaven and himself that day will break as  
Beauteous, as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow  
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

AND YET, WITH all this playfulness, Lamb was far from being light-hearted and gay. I dare say if you could have seen the expression of his face when he wrote this letter, with its macaronic prose ending, it would have been very different from one's idea of a humorist in the act of making jokes.

I WAS AMUSED not a little by an advertisement published on the day of the first performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters—the 'Theatre of Sociability,' as the *Times* aptly calls it. Instead of setting forth the merits of the two new plays to be presented at the Broadway Theatre, or the ability of the players, it 'respectfully called attention' to 'the house rules, which members will kindly observe.' These rules were numbered, and one of them read as follows, italics and all:—'III. The Board of Trustees desire to state that, although it is imperative that no hat or bonnet

should be worn, this regulation is not to be considered as demanding evening dress.' This is an excellent rule, and one that ought to be enforced in other theatres, unless the fair ones will wear their hats a good deal smaller. But the fun of the thing is that the advertisement made no reference to the attractiveness of the performance to be given, but only to the disposition of the audience after it had entered the building. As the house was open to members only, this was all right, of course; and the management had good reason to be content with the sale, in advance, of from six to eight hundred seats at \$5 apiece.

*Pearson's Weekly*, an English paper founded in emulation of the success of Mr. Newnes's *Tit-Bits*, has been printing sentences with certain words omitted, a prize being offered for correct guesses as to the verbal missing links. To compete, one had to pay a fee; and the fees on hand last week, when the courts decided that the competition was in violation of the gaming law, amounted to—think of it—\$120,000! As the money will probably revert to the Crown, Mr. Pearson should be in high favor in royal circles.

'IT APPEARS that even the Lounger nods' (writes 'W. D. A.' of the University of California). 'In the issue of Nov. 26 he says:—"Was Turner's reputation made before the most famous of all English critics took notice of him and berated the English nation for its apathy? It seems to me that the critics are very fond of discovering budding genius." Considering the fact that Turner was a famous and successful man long before the publication of "Modern Painters"—that, in fact, he had been a Royal Academician over forty years before the appearance of Ruskin's first volume (1843), the example seems a peculiarly unfortunate one to cite as against Mr. Allen's position.'—'Modern Painters' had its inception in a pamphlet written to defend Turner against the hostile criticisms of the English press.

### Mr. Bryant's Books and the Tilden Trust

MISS JULIA S. BRYANT, the younger daughter of the poet, has presented to the Trustees of the Tilden Trust nearly a thousand volumes selected from her father's library at Roslyn. To the books were added some interesting old pamphlets and several medallions taken from the same collection. In reply to their resolutions gratefully acknowledging this donation, the Trustees have received the following letter from Miss Bryant, dated Paris, Nov. 24, and addressed to the Hon. John Bigelow, President of the Trust:—

'I was much gratified by receiving yesterday your very kind letter, and with it the copy of the Resolutions of Thanks from the Tilden Trust for my gifts to the Tilden Library. It is indeed a source of pleasure to me to know that these works are where they will be especially valued as having formed a part of my father's library at Roslyn; that they will be well cared for; and that they will belong to an institution which has my warmest sympathies. Should the Trustees desire it, I may later be able to make very considerable additions to my gift from the books and articles collected by my father and left to me. He had a great regard for Mr. Tilden, who was one of his oldest and most trusted friends, and I am sure that he would have been glad to have his name associated, even in this modest way, with Mr. Tilden's, in such a noble enterprise.'

### The Fine Arts

#### The Vanderbilt Collection of Etchings, etc.

THE EXHIBITION this month of the Rembrandt etchings, forming part of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's collection, at the Fine Arts Building in West 57th Street, afforded a rare opportunity to become acquainted with one of the world's greatest artists. If we could only see Shakespeare on the stage, and if his works were performed no oftener than two or three times in a generation, the case would be analogous. Late, feeble or blurred impressions from the worn plates turn up pretty frequently, and many of the more attractive subjects have been reproduced by heliogravure; but the delicate work on which much of Rembrandt's expression depends is lost in these cases; while the detail that the eye has to search for, and often in vain, in these later impressions, in a fine, early impression is clearly visible and has its value as part of the general effect. The Vanderbilt collection contains a large number of exceptionally fine proofs, and, as a whole, is probably excelled by no other in existence.

Color and certain refined effects of light excepted, everything of Rembrandt's genius can be studied in his religious subjects. In these he attains the greatest imaginative heights by piling up an Ossa on Olympus of realistic ugliness. No single form shows any



sign of idealization in the direction of beauty, yet the composition, as a whole, acts like a powerful lever to lift the mind into the region of the ideal. In turning to Rembrandt from modern work painted for truth of visual effect, it must be borne in mind that Rembrandt has to be read like a book, face by face and figure by figure, before his whole intention is revealed. In these matters of emotional intensity and skill to seize and render a dramatic situation, often spoken of at the present day as though they belonged solely to literature, his only worthy successor was Eugène Delacroix. The similarity is, indeed, striking between some of the latter's best-known compositions and the little etchings of 'Lion Hunts,' Nos. 95 and 96 in the catalogue.

There is a tendency to depreciate Dürer, Leonardo and some other artists of the Renaissance as scientific rather than artistic in spirit; but this is merely accounting by a paradox for a lack of catholicity on the part of the critic. Dürer had much of the modern scientific interest in things in themselves. He willingly isolated a stone, a tree-trunk or a tuft of grass, the better to comprehend it; but he was even more attentive, as the artist must always be, to its relations with other objects. The pictorial quality is supreme in his Madonnas, on their grassy banks, his allegorical 'Fortunes' and 'Dreams,' his classic water-gods carrying off heavy-limbed German maidens. Even his monstrous pig with two bodies, No. 76, was observed by him more as an artist than as a naturalist.

Many of the engravings after Reynolds have been seen before at the Groucher Club, and, if we do not mistake, at Wunderlich's gallery. The subjects are mostly portraits, and include those of Boswell, Burke, Baron Erskine, Charles James Fox, Garrick, George III., Goldsmith, Lady Hamilton, Warren Hastings, Dr. Johnson, Angelica Kauffman, the Marlborough family, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Mrs. Siddons, Laurence Sterne and Sir Joshua himself.

#### Exhibition of the Water-Color Club

OF THE DRAWINGS of Mr. George H. Clements at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries we might say with Mr. Whistler's Frenchman that they are '*bien écrit*.' That description suits them quite as well as the title 'Symphony' or 'Nocturne' suits some of Mr. Whistler's pictures. They are 'well written' in the sense that the artist grasps his subject, ensemble and detail, and compels it into form just as a good writer does. He makes a distinct mental, as well as a visual, impression. But there is nothing 'literary' about his work. He does not seem to yearn after other means of expression than form and color, and, as a rule, avoids even the fanciful or jocular title. 'Life in France,' however, was probably intended as a joke. It is a pair of gentlemen in blue blouses, one with a wheelbarrow in which there are various odds and ends, who are holding a philosophico-humorous debate on the problems of existence. They are in crayon, washed with color. A 'Sketch,' of a pair of masons building a wall, is none the less excellent as a picture because much of it might be turned into words, though certainly not without loss. The two white figures—white in fustian and lime—are contemplating their work which has been raised but a few courses above the ground. It is to be the boundary wall of an estate, and runs down a steep declivity towards the right. In front are some barrels and planks; beyond, some bushes tossed about by a sudden gust of wind, which is bringing up a black cloud from the distance. The opposing hills are already blue in shade, while the figures and foreground are in sunshine; and the shadow flung by part of an old fence, which the wall is to replace, marks the exact point to which the influence of the storm has attained. We might go on to write quite a little essay and call it 'A Page from the Life of a Journeyman Mason,' drawing on Mr. Clements's 'Sketch' for material; yet it is one of the most purely artistic performances that we have seen this season.

Two of the late A. H. Wyant's water-colors are exhibited—the medium was peculiarly suited to his delicate and drowsy sentiment—and one by Josef Israels, a cottage interior with a baby and a cat sole occupants. Some of the most successful works are by women. Clara McChesney's 'Mother and Child'; Mrs. Van Houten Mesday's 'The Hut'; and Emma E. Lampert's 'Twilight at Kortenhoof, Holland,' do credit to the training which these ladies have evidently had in the excellent principles of the modern Dutch school. Other pictures worthy of special notice are Arthur P. Davies' 'A May Day'; Bessie Foster French's 'Girl at Work'; J. H. Sharp's 'Pine Woods of New England'; a 'Portrait' of a girl in blue, by Sarah C. Sears; one of a lady in black, by Adele McGinness, and one of a girl in white, pastel, by Mary R. Williams.

MRS. LINDEN KENT of Washington has given the University of Virginia \$60,000 to endow a Chair of English Literature. Col. Archer Anderson of Richmond has recently given the University \$5000.

#### William Watson

MR. WILLIAM WATSON is still confined in the Roehampton Asylum, and shows, it is said, no signs of improvement. Though the youngest of the possible successors of Lord Tennyson in the Laureateship, he is by no means a boy. His first book, 'The Prince's Quest,' appeared in 1880, and, as the poet was then about five-and-twenty years of age, he is now considerably older than either Keats or Shelley lived to be, and a little older than even Byron was, when he died at thirty-six. Yet he is still unknown to the general public at home and in America, although he has followed up his first book with a little volume of 'Epigrams' (1884), 'Wordsworth's Grave' (1889), 'Poems' (1892), and 'Lachrymæ Musarum, and Other Poems,' the last three being published by Macmillan & Co. He is a daily journalist, attached to the London *Daily Chronicle*, and a regular contributor of verse to *The Spectator*. His fine series of sonnets 'Ver Tenebrosus' appeared in *The National Review* in 1885. During the present season he has compiled a volume in the Golden Treasury Series, entitled 'Lyric Love' (Macmillan & Co.), noticed in these columns on Dec. 10 (p. 324).

Although Mr. Gladstone had to go out and buy Mr. Watson's books and read them for the occasion, when a successor to the late Laureate was in demand—just as Sir Robert Peel had to read up Tennyson, in 1850, when Wordsworth died—the poet's quality was not unknown in literary circles in this country. Our own reviewer recognized the worth of 'Wordsworth's Grave'; months ago an American friend of Mr. James Bryce, who had just been put into the English Cabinet, wrote to that gentleman, suggesting Mr. Watson as a probably available Court poet; and so long ago as March 1, 1884, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman printed in *The Critic* the following appreciative notice of his 'Epigrams':—

I received to-day a broad-margined little book, published this year in Liverpool, which contains one hundred 'Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature,' each comprised in a quatrain of the rhymed elegiac form. The author is William Watson. He appends to his volume a brief and discerning 'Note,' giving his view of 'the nobler sort of Epigram,' tracing this down from the Greek 'Inscription'—often perfect in beauty, and with all liberty of range. Mr. Watson finds the bravest examples of the modern epigram in his Landor, placing at their front the matchless quatrain which begins,

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.

He also quotes with just praise Sydney Dobell's lines 'On the Death of Edward Forbes':—

Nature, a jealous mistress, laid him low.

He woo'd and won her; and, by love made bold,

She showed him more than mortal man should know,

Then slew him lest her secret should be told.

From Emerson he cites 'Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,' etc. I think he cannot be familiar with Mr. Aldrich's verse, or he would there find more than one perfect instance of the 'nobler sort' of epigram from which he derives his tests. It is no small praise to our latest epigrammatist to say that not a few of his own quatrains show him to be at least an apt pupil of the masters old and new. I will pick a handful of these gilded arrows from his quiver, for the benefit of those whom they may not otherwise reach.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1894.

E. C. S.

Among the fifteen 'gilded arrows' which Mr. Stedman aided in their flight were these:—

#### THE PLAY OF 'KING LEAR'

Here Love the slain with Love the slayer lies;  
Deep drown'd are both in the same sunless pool.  
Up from its depths that mirror thundering skies  
Bubbles the wan mirth of the mirthless Fool.

#### BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those  
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.  
Only the odor of her wild hair blows  
Back in their faces hungering for her face.

#### THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE

It soars like hearts of hapless men who dare  
To sue for gifts the gods refuse to allot;  
Who climb forever toward they know not where,  
Baffled forever by they know not what.

#### ON LONGFELLOW'S DEATH

No puissant singer he, whose silence grieves  
To-day the great West's tender heart and strong;  
No singer vast of voice: yet one who leaves  
His native air the sweeter for his song.

#### BROWNING

A lion I—And with such can no beast cope.  
The shaggiest lion couch'd on Parnasse's slope.

\* See review of 'Lachrymæ Musarum' on page 369.

Entoll'd at times with meshes hard to undo :  
Which God inspire the mouse to nibble through !

His rhymes the poet flings at all men's feet,  
And whose will may trample on his rhymes.  
Should Time let die a song that's true and sweet  
The singer's loss were more than match'd by Time's.

An appreciative study of Mr. Watson's verse is contributed by Mr. Mabie to *The Christian Union* of Dec. 24. A portrait of the singer, drawn by Gribayedoff from a photograph, accompanies the criticism. It shows a handsome, manly face.

A brother of Mr. Watson's is a New York merchant, doing business in Broadway. He has sailed for England to attend the suffering poet.

### Notes

MR. BLACKMORE's new story, 'Perly Cross,' the scene of which is laid in the west of England, will be published in book form next autumn by Sampson Low & Co., who have arranged with Macmillan & Co. for its issue in serial form in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and with Harper & Bros. for the American book-form copyright.

—Charles Scribner's Sons will publish Sir Edwin Arnold's drama, 'Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife,' at the end of January.

—Interesting personal recollections of Mr. Whittier have been preserved by Mrs. James T. Fields in an article to be printed in the February *Harper's*. The same number is to contain some recollections of Mr. Curtis by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, accompanied by several portraits.

—Mr. John D. Rockefeller has added \$1,000,000 to his previous gifts to Chicago University. This makes the total of his gifts \$3,600,000. Others have given about \$3,400,000.

—Thomas G. Hodgkins, the retired New York candy-maker, whose will was offered for probate on Tuesday, has left \$200,000 to the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Hodgkins was an Englishman by birth. He had given away considerable sums of money, yet his will bequeaths hundreds of thousands to benevolent causes. His home was at Setauket, L. I., where as a widower he lived a secluded life.

—A large audience attended the first performance in New York of Miss Guiney's adaptation of Dumas's 'Demi-Monde,' which occurred at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night. The play is called 'The Crust of Society.'

—The January *Atlantic* will mark the magazine's entrance upon its thirty-sixth year.

—Senator W. E. Chandler urges in the January *North American Review* that immigration be suspended till after the World's Fair.

—The American Society of Church History held its fifth annual convention at Washington this week. The American Psychological Association has also met this week, at Philadelphia.

—While the publishers of trade journals are protesting against the inadequate provision made in the New York Post Office for the handling of second-class matter, Congressman Cummings of this city is trying to get at the facts regarding the admission of periodicals to, or their exclusion from, the second-class privilege. Such investigation seems to be sorely needed.

—The semi-annual entrance examination of the National Conservatory of Music, 126-128 East 17th Street, will be held as follows:—Composition, Jan. 9; piano and organ, Jan. 10; harp, cello and all other orchestral instruments, Jan. 11, morning; violin and orchestra, afternoon; voice, Jan. 12 and 13, morning, afternoon and evening; chorus, evening. Instruction in all branches is given free to students whose talents and circumstances warrant it.

—The four-story brick building at Fifty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue, which mars the symmetry of Carnegie Music-Hall, is to be removed after May 1, and a tower 240 feet high erected in its place. The present hall will be backed up on the south and east by a new building rising sixty feet higher than the roof of the main edifice, and a roof-garden at the lower level will be added to the attractions of the hall. These additions and improvements will involve an outlay of about \$300,000.

—Mr. Orange Judd, founder of *The American Agriculturist*, whose name has long been a household word among American farmers, died at Chicago on Tuesday. He had not been pecuniarily interested in the Orange Judd Co. since 1883.

—Gen. Joseph Kargé, a Polish patriot forced to flee from home in 1848, who has lived here since 1851, winning distinction as a cavalryman in the Civil War and serving as Professor of Conti-

mental Languages at Princeton since 1872, died suddenly in this city, on Tuesday, in his seventieth year. He was for a long while one of the most familiar figures at Princeton College.

—Mr. Heinemann has just published in London (for copyright purposes) a Norwegian edition of Ibsen's three-act play, 'Bygmester Solness.' The English translation, to be ready in January, will be called 'Halvard Solness.'

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* says that only a consideration of the fitness of things prevented the setting-up in this country of the type used in printing the new Border Edition of Scott's novels.

—The original manuscript of 'Poems by Two Brothers' was sold at auction on Dec. 23, at Sotheby's auction-rooms, London, for 486*l.*, with the copyright reserved. The poems are those of Alfred Tennyson and Charles, the handwriting being chiefly the Laureate's. It is understood that the buyer was the University of Cambridge—the poet's university. The next highest bidder was an American; name not given.

—At the Hotel Brunswick, on Wednesday evening, the Goethe Society listened to an address by Mr. Henry A. Clapp of Boston on 'The Theatre in Modern American Life.'

—Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, L.H.D., under the genial impulse of Christmas, writes to the Rev. W. C. Winslow anent the cablegram referred to in last week's *Critic*: 'I want you to know that I thoroughly appreciate your kindness and friendship. It is a great honor to succeed Mr. Curtis and Mr. Lowell in the position of Honorary Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and I do not less prize it because the action is by your suggestion. I shall rely upon you to put me in the way of aiding an enterprise that has been so fruitful, and in which my Egyptian travel has so much interested me. Alas! the dear friend, Miss Edwards, with whom it would have been such an honor to be officially associated, has gone where I cannot tell her of my pleasure.' Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's subscription, last week, was the five-thousandth received by the Fund (since 1883).

—The chair of Egyptology at University College, Oxford, founded by the will of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is to be filled by Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie, who will enter upon his duties after the holidays.

—The following paragraph now going the rounds contains 57 words, 110 *e*'s, and no other vowel:—'We feel extreme feebleness when we seek perfect excellence here. We well remember men everywhere err. Even when Eden's evergreen trees sheltered Eve the serpent crept there. Yet, when tempted, when cheerlessness depressed, when helplessness fetters, when we seem deserted—then we remember Bethlehem; we beseech the Redeemer's help. We ever need the rest the blessed expect.'

—The Queen of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva') has just completed a novel called 'Snow,' relating to Roumanian peasant life. Under the title of 'Green Leaves,' she has translated into German a series of Roumanian folk-songs.

—The *Washington Post* charges that the valuable historical papers purchased by the Government and preserved in the archives of the State Department, are virtually under the control of a New England literary clique, of which Henry Cabot Lodge and Henry Adams are the chiefs. Mr. Lodge emphatically denies that he has been accorded special privileges, and declares that the charge has been made by a personal enemy for political effect.

### Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Arthur Young's Tour in Ireland. Ed. by A. W. Hutton. 2 Vols. \$2. Macmillan & Co.  
Brown, J. H. Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.  
Crommelin, M. Mr. and Mrs. Herries. 30c. J. A. Taylor & Co.  
Elliot, S. B. Ecology. St. Clair Pub. Co.  
Fraser, A. A Modern Bridegroom. 30c. J. A. Taylor & Co.  
Ferguson, G. Our Earth: Night to Twilight. Vol. II. 32. London: T. F. Unwin.  
Flockton, J. M. Practical Method for Double Bass. C. H. Ditson & Co.  
Johns, C. Songs of Sleep. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.  
Kentucky, The Centenary of. Sept. 1891-Aug. 1892. American S. P. C. A.  
Our Animal Friends. Vol. XIX. Sept. 1891-Aug. 1892. American S. P. C. A.  
Postmaster-General's Annual Report. Washington: Government Printing Office.  
Q., Dorothy. Everybody's Fairy God-Mother. U. S. Book Co.  
Roberts, C. G. D. Ave: Ode for the Shelley Centenary. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.  
Robinson, J. A., and James, M. R. The Gospel according to Peter, etc. Macmillan & Co.  
Roeder, M. Fundamental Vocal Exercises. C. H. Ditson & Co.  
Seal of the United States. Washington: Department of State.  
Stokes, G. T. The Acts of the Apostles. Vol. II. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.  
Strength and Beauty for Boys and Girls. Adapted from Krummacker's Parables. Plainfield: John Daisiel.  
Skeel, A. My Three-Legged Story-Teller. Phila.: R. C. Hartman.  
Southworth, E. D. E. N. Em's Husband. 30c. Robt. Bonner's Sons.  
Sunter, J. P. All Around the Year Calendar 1893. 30c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
Thomson, J. The City of Dreadful Night. Portland: Thos. B. Mosher.



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